

# SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave.

RODNEY, (MISS.) TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1837.

No. 11.—Whole No. 167.

## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

It is published every Tuesday by  
THOMAS R. PARNER.  
At FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, or  
SIX at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears  
are paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
No Subscriptions received for a shorter  
period than one year.

Terms of Advertisement.  
For space of ten lines or less, for the first  
insertion, One Dollar; for each additional inser-  
tion, Fifty cents.

Longer ads., ten cents per line for the first,  
and five cents per line for each additional inser-  
tion. To those who advertise by the year, a  
discount will be made.

## Our Customers & the Pub- lic generally.

WE have just received, direct from  
New York, a splendid assortment of  
SPRING AND SUMMER  
MERCHANDIZE,

of which the following is a part—  
4-7-8, and 4-1 Lowell Cuttings,  
Linen & bleached Sheetings and Shirtings,  
Irish Linen,  
Linen Shirtings and Diaper,  
A beautiful assortment of Prints,  
Silks, (plain and figured)

Cambrics,  
Capes,  
Collars,  
Fancy Handkerchiefs,  
Faces,  
Kings,  
Hosiery,  
Gloves, &c. &c.

To which we invite the attention of the  
Ladies particularly.

A handsome lot of **Jewelry**, just rec'd.  
**HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GLASS-  
WARE, QUEENWARE, AND  
GROCERIES—**

A splendid Stock of **SPRING & SUMMER  
CLOTHING,**

**HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c. &c.**  
To which we call the attention of the  
gentlemen and promise to please them.  
**FAUVER & FARNSWORTH.**  
April 4, 1837. 8-1/2

## The Pressure Relieved.

BY calling on the undersigned, persons  
wishing to purchase  
**GOODS,**

at a reduced price, can be accommodated to  
their entire satisfaction. Sales will be  
made to those who pay punctually, at a very  
small advance on the original cost. The  
stock on hand consists of the usual articles  
to be found in the market, say,  
**DRY GOODS OF ALL VARIETIES  
CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS  
AND SHOES—**

**SUGAR, COFFEE, SALT,  
Whiskey, Brandy, and Li-  
quors of nearly every  
kind, &c. &c. &c.**

Call soon, or you may miss many valu-  
able bargains. "Put not off until to-morrow  
that which can be easily attended to to-day."  
**JOHN A. WATKINS.**  
Rodney, April 4, 1837. 8-1/2

## YOE & DAVENPORT

HAVE just received, and offer for sale,  
a lot of

**Greeries,**

consisting in part of,  
**SUGAR, COFFEE, RICE, SALT,  
SOAP, CANDLES, MACKEREL, HER-  
RING, &c. &c.**

A beautiful lot of

## SUMMER CLOTHING.

To punctual customers, good bargains  
may be obtained by calling upon us.  
Rodney, March 28, 1837. 7-1/2

## NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are now receiving a  
splendid assortment of

## FANCY GOODS,

**SUMMER CLOTHING, SADDLERY,  
BOOTS & SHOES, QUEENS-  
WARE, GOLD & SILVER  
WATCHES, and JEW-  
ELRY—**

Together with an assortment of

## MEDICINES & BOOKS,

all of which were carefully selected in  
New York by one of the firm. The pub-  
lic are invited to give us a call.  
**GRIFING, CAROTHERS & Co.**  
March 28, 1837. 7-1/2

## NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having formed a part-  
nership with Mr. J. C. Ricks, would  
respectfully inform their customers and  
friends that the business will be continued  
at the old stand, (corner of Market and  
Commerce streets,) under the firm of  
**COMPTON, RICKS & Co.**

The name of the old firm will be used as  
heretofore, either in the transaction of busi-  
ness or settlement of the late concern.

In announcing the above change, we  
would beg leave to tender our sincere thanks  
for the very liberal patronage heretofore  
received, and solicit a continuance, assur-  
ing our friends and the public in general,  
that no pains will be spared to merit their  
favors.

**COMPTON & McCall.**  
Rodney, Jan. 1, 1837. 52-1/2

## POETRY.



## THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A softening thought of other years,  
A feeling linked to hours,  
When life was all too bright for tears,  
And hope sang wailing with flowers;  
A memory of adornings old,  
Of robes heard no more,  
Stirred in my spirit when I read  
That name of fondness old.

O mother! in that magic word,  
What loves and joys combine!  
What hopes, too oft, alas! deferred,  
What watching—griefs—are thine!  
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,  
By worldly thralls opprest,  
Learn we to prize that holiest home,  
A tender mother's breast.

Ten thousand prayers at midnight poured  
Beside our couch of woe—  
The wasting weakness endured  
To soften our repose:  
While never murmur marked thy tongue,  
Nor toils relaxed thy care;  
How, mother, is thy heart so strong,  
To pity and to bear!

What filial fondness e'er repaid,  
Or could repay the past?  
Alas! for crinoline decayed—  
Regrets that rarely last!  
'Tis only when the dust is thrown  
Thy blessed bosom o'er,  
We miss on all thy kindness shown,  
And wish we'd loved thee more.

'Tis only when the lips are cold  
We mourn—with little regret,  
'Mid myriad memories of old—  
The days forever set;  
And not an act, or look, or thought,  
Against thy weak control,  
But with a sad remembrance fraught,  
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land, in every clime,  
True to her sacred cause,  
Filled by that influence sublime,  
From which her strength she draws—  
Still is the mother's heart the same.  
'The mother's heart is true;  
And, O, may nations guard that name  
With filial power and pride.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Natchez Galaxy.  
**THE GENTLEMAN IN GREY.**  
CHAPTER I.

In the north-western part of the State of  
G—, stands a beautiful little village; its  
rural and picturesque appearance attracts  
and enchants all who wander that way—  
and none, I believe, ever depart from the  
"Swan and Rushes," without a blessing  
from their host and a wish to tarry with him  
again.

It is a goodly sight on a summer even-  
ing, to see this group of cheerful citizens  
which congregated about the door of my old  
friend Wilkins, merry and contented as  
good cheer and hearty welcome can make  
them. It was a favorite resort for some five  
years gone, there, to listen to the village politi-  
cians' sage surmises, the grocer's accounts  
of ton and wine, or the amusing anecdotes  
of my quaint friend and intimate, Jack Peters.

One of these delightful afternoons in  
June, when the business of the day was  
near a close, and the fat farmers of the ad-  
jacent neighborhood were going lazily home,  
and the village children just released from  
the tyranny of Boman, and the perplexities  
of hard words, were rioting home in all the  
boisterous mirth of innocent childhood, I  
had accidentally, and with a little design  
too, joined the collection that surrounded  
a few bottles of ale, under the kind and pro-  
tecting shades of an old oak in front of the  
Swan. Jack Peters was in his happiest mood;  
and his old friend Morton, as he rested  
his chin upon both hands, which, in their  
turn were supported upon a substantial ivory  
headed cane, firmly planted between his  
legs, was chuckling most heartily, at one  
of Jack's one hundred-times-told stories.

Fill up, said the squiro, as he released his  
round good-natured chin from its resting  
place, and reached for the bottle; we will  
drink to Peter's story—I never hear it but  
I laugh! The ale was flaming over every  
glass, and was poised, only waiting the  
squire's signal to disappear, when the ap-  
pearance of a gentleman on horseback, with  
his servant, arrested the attention of the  
company—all eyes were turned to the new  
comer. In a village, every new face at-  
tracts attention; and nothing could so much  
excite the enquiring propensities of the  
good folks of E., as the sudden appearance  
among them, of a genteel young man, with  
his servant in livery. Some sipped their ale,  
some seated it before them, whilst a few of  
the most thirsty went directly to the bottom  
of their glasses, wisely supposing they could  
look and drink too. In a moment more, the  
gentleman was alighted, and to pass the  
door, he must pass the company. It was  
easy to discover that the stranger was a  
gentleman (to use Jack Peters' phrase,) of  
the first water. He was tall and straight,  
with a clear, bright and expressive grey  
eye; his features were prominent, and par-  
ticularly those of character to comport with  
modern ideas of beauty; their expression  
was equable and untroubled, and the easy  
grace of his carriage, exhibited a well pro-

portioned form in so graceful a manner as  
to interest every beholder. As he passed  
my friends, a gentle reflection of the body  
and a graceful touch of his hat, drew an  
involuntary and hasty bow from the whole  
crowd; his riding suit, of sable grey, was  
well suited to the person it covered, and no-  
thing interested as more than the modest  
demeanor which characterized his approach  
to and communion with our host of the  
Swan, little Sam Wilkins. Little accus-  
tomed to the staidly in mode, which he  
met in the person of his guest, Sam seemed  
embarrassed; there was nothing of the up-  
start of his young country friends, nor any  
of the presumptuous impudence, the  
almost universal virtue of his inmates,  
denominated fustlers, who were hangers  
on at the bar, during term time. But Sam  
was quick at discovering character, and  
his best bow welcomed to the hotel, the  
gentleman in grey. Sam was usually po-  
lite to those whose appearance promised  
good pay, he was a man of calculation, and  
among all the villagers, there was not one  
to be found who kept more steadily in view  
the main chance. Will you take a glass  
after your ride, sir, said Wilkins, as he  
proffered the sparkling liquor upon the  
breast of his little bar. Our dusty roads  
and warm weather are apt to give a travel-  
ler a relish for good liquor: Come, sir,  
help yourself. The invitation was respect-  
fully and politely declined. Will you write  
your name in the travellers' book, sir? con-  
tinued Sam, as he handed a blotted and  
scribbled book, which from its worn and  
dirty appearance, might have been the  
companion of the bar for half a century—  
The stranger, in quite an elegant hand,  
wrote William Worthington, and drew a  
black line over the space, where he should  
have written his place of residence. The  
quick eye of Wilkins caught this; and in-  
stantly supposed that his guest had reasons  
for concealing the place of his abode; but  
his politeness, or the appearance of the  
stranger, prevented his inquiring into the  
cause of drawing the black line—still, the  
circumstance took hold upon his imagina-  
tion, which, no doubt, made out of this black  
stroke of the pen, New York, Philadelphia,  
and every other city or place of note, known  
to the upright host of the Swan and Rushes.

My servant, sir, has instructions to bring  
my valise to my room: will you have the  
goodness to show me my apartment? said  
Worthington. They disappeared together,  
and we must leave them for our friends un-  
der the oak.

Rather snug, said Jack Peters, with a  
significant twist of the mouth; shouldn't  
like that fellow for a rival if I had a sweet  
heart; what say you, Foster, guilty or not  
guilty? as you of the green bag say.

Nor the one nor the other, Peters, replied  
his friend. I would not court, nor would I  
fear his rivalry.

Ego, said Peters—add the time, continued  
Foster, I understand your meaning.  
I am glad you do: I generally try to  
make myself understood.

And are you generally successful, Jack?  
said Morton.

True, answered Foster; but Peters is un-  
intentionally severe upon the feelings of his  
best friends occasionally.

The growth of a rich soil is apt to run to  
sucker, and without timely pruning, rarely  
produces good fruit, said Peters.

You suppose then, Peters, that the Ego  
may be the destroying shoot in Foster, said  
Morton, and unless you apply the knife in  
time, it may blast his promise.

Have it so, said Peters; I like your  
explanation. Nothing is so bitter than  
your goodness will not extract some  
sweet; but your explanation of my expres-  
sion to Foster, instead of striking at the root  
of his failing, has only added sap to its  
growth. It is a bad thing to make one think  
well of himself; it is sure to make others  
think ill of him—and most men's self-love  
does not require a stimulus, particularly  
that class of our friends called lawyers.

I believe, Peters, said Foster, my profes-  
sion is no favorite with you.

You are mistaken, Foster—I like the pro-  
fession. No one but a fool could look with  
contempt or dislike upon a profession which  
can boast of such men as Sir William Jones,  
Lord Coke, Lyttelton, Murray, or, as he is  
better known, Lord Mansfield, Edmund  
Pondleton, John Marshall, Scarlett, Clary,  
Bekine, Webster, Brougham, Parsons, El-  
met, Carran, Tazewell, Clay—and I might  
go on to enumerate thousands from those  
nations which speak the language of Eng-  
land; but all professions have their quacks,  
you know.

Yes, Peters, even that of the satirist.  
I don't take, Mr. Foster.

You never do, Mr. Peters, when the lit is  
palpable.

A true, cried Morton. Wilkins' ale ap-  
pears to have swelled upon the stomach of  
Peters, and acidized his accustomed good  
nature, whilst it has only whetted the wit of  
Foster, usually somewhat tart.

Here is my hand, Foster. I would soon-  
er meet as a rival with my sweet heart, the  
gentleman in grey, than to quarrel with an  
old friend. Foster took the hand of his  
friend, and the company separated in har-  
mony.

During this brief dialogue at the door, ev-  
ery thing was bustle and hurry with the  
inmates of the Swan; the little parlor host-  
ess was scolding at the servants; her two  
pretty daughters were mending and shipping  
from room to room, culling and arranging  
their best, in order to appear as fitting as  
possible before the strange gentleman at tea.  
The room bustle and modest jesting were  
but under contribution for their beauti-  
ful and virgin flowers, to adorn the beauti-  
fully wreathed locks of gold that clustered  
about their brows. Little Sam, unable as a  
terrier in his vocation, every moment  
expected the return of Mr. Worthington.

The only two who seemed at all uncon-  
cerned, were our two friends, Peters and  
Foster, who were seen arm in arm prome-  
nading the long piazza in front of the inn.

There is something in the appearance of  
that young fellow that seems to excite un-  
usual bustle among our friends of the inn.  
Aunt Betty is as busy as a bee in search of  
flies; little Sam is knocking about as full of  
importance as a fourth of July orator;  
every negro in the yard has run himself out  
of breath; every crony about the house and  
yard is yielding up its best for the table,  
this night; and all, I suppose, because this  
fine looking man is followed by a servant in  
livery.

At this moment the stranger appeared  
at the door of the inn, and inquired of Wil-  
kins if he could direct him where he could  
find the house of Mr. Morton of this place.  
Wilkins stammered a moment, then turned  
and pointed out the old Squire among the  
company that was just beginning to sepa-  
rate before his door.

Morton is my name, sir, said the Squire,  
as he bowed: I live in the village, and I should  
like to show you the way to it. Will you  
favor me with your company? The stranger  
was evidently confused, and meeting  
the eyes of the whole company bent upon  
him, he advanced a step, stopped, and fault-  
erfully said—I will do myself the honor—  
the pleasure, sir, to call after—no, sir, I  
mean at some other time. The blood  
rushed to his face—he bowed awkwardly  
and left the company, and walked hastily  
down the street.

Upon my word, said Morton, I don't know  
that fellow, and yet he spoke my name as if  
he had been accustomed to call it frequently.  
I will go home: perhaps he will be there  
first, as he seems to walk directly that way—  
Good night Jack! your servant,  
gentlemen.

Whom think you he is Peters, said Fos-  
ter.

I cannot guess, replied Peters. Was it  
not for his noble and modest deportment, I  
should think him from his equipage, (I mean  
his liveried servant, and very superior horse-  
man) which I discovered he denominated caval-  
ry, a Virginian, but he hasn't the swag.

Nor impudence, said Foster—his con-  
duct marks him no Virginian: May he not be  
a fellow statesman from the coast, some  
islander, perhaps, for the springs, or, per-  
haps, since we are supposing, in search of  
an up-country wife.

No Foster, that fellow, claims not his  
birth place within the jurisdiction limits (as  
you baize bag ladies say in your attach-  
ments) of our snappish and despised state.  
There is upon his countenance, the set-  
tled appearance of study; I take him for a  
gentleman of education, and reading, as  
Aunt Judith, over the way, would say; and  
such do not domicile upon the coast, or  
islands of our native state; too much good  
wine there any youth long to maintain  
regular habits: don't you recollect Major  
Carr, and Col. Echols of the low country,  
last summer at the springs—they are a  
true sample of low country bucks.

I remember them Peters, full of noise  
and pretension, did dividing their atten-  
tion, between the girls and the bottle, gal-  
lunting in the morning, and staggering in  
the afternoon.

Just the thing Foster, I did not suppose  
you had observed so closely and yet you dis-  
cover what favorites they were with our up-  
country lasses—I saw a certain languish-  
ing lady, not forty miles from this town, list-  
en one evening to that fellow Echols, for  
two hours, with the most implicit attention,  
and the whole subject of his discourse,  
was the different crosses in the blood of his  
six hounds—Now I declare to you my dear  
miss—ah, pon my word yours is a hard  
name to call, how do you spell it Fa-n-a-n-i-  
n, replied the girl—ah, Fannin—charming  
name, pon my word; no wonder you have  
so many beaux pressing near you this  
warm weather; but as I was going off to re-  
late my leader is a full-mouthed fellow, I  
call him Nimrod, after a celebrated hound  
in Carolina, whose name was given him by  
his owner, because his sweet heart said he  
was nimble as a rod—this, my dear Miss  
Fannin is the origin of the name; and so I  
called my favorite pup Nimrod, as I thought  
from his blood he would himself be nimble  
as a rod. His mother was my friend Mr. Carr's  
old Music, a full blooded Beagle;  
and he was got by my old Larry, the finest  
and best bred black tan in all the lower  
country—and a piece of such stuff, that  
was enough, independent of his branded  
breath, which was breathed full in her face,  
to have driven any female of ordinary mo-  
desty from the room and his presence at  
once, but she listened on.

Yes, my dear fellow, you are getting off  
the subject; you might go on conversing  
the virtues of such meat to eternity, and not  
arrive at the name and place of abode of  
this gentleman in grey.

Foster, you appear to have at heart as  
much as Wilkins, the residence of this man  
—little Sam told me that he wrote his name  
in the travellers' book, Worthington: do you  
know such a family?

I do not, Peters; my acquaintance, how-  
ever, is far from extensive, even in my own  
State. There may be such in this State or  
Carolina, and I have no knowledge of them.  
I should like to know more of this fellow  
than simply his name. His embarrassment  
was of a peculiar character, when he dis-  
covered Mr. Morton, after whom he enquired  
in the company before him.

As, my lad, I have you—rather jealous  
—mayhap—guilty or not guilty? I like to  
speak to lawyers in legal phrase.

Not guilty, and yet, by Heaven's Peters,  
I cannot help but think, that the gentleman  
in grey may be an acquaintance of Caroline  
Morton's, or it may be one of her brother  
Alick's college friends.

Hardly, Foster, said Peters, for Alick  
has not yet returned, although he has been  
expected for nine months. I should think  
like you, that he might be some one of Car-  
oline's friends, or lovers, if you like the  
term better; if he had not that servant in his  
train. Caroline was educated at Trenton,  
and the Jersey Blues scarcely carry a  
black in blue and red until they have abided  
in the South for some years.

Our friends were now summoned to tea.  
The Miss Wilkins were unusually fine,  
and seated on each side of their prim pru-  
dish little mother; the China tea set was  
before her, and the pot in the centre was  
rocking and hissing, giving good promise  
of its savory contents. This was evidently  
the sign that some guest of more than ordi-  
nary character was expected at the board;  
for these goodly pieces of China had not hon-  
ored the table with their appearance since  
the Governor had sipped his tea some six  
months before with little Sam—but no one  
save the ordinary inmates came. Mrs.  
Wilkins was sulky—the two Misses looked  
disappointed—and honest Sam was contin-  
ually peeping out at the window in the  
way the stranger had walked, to see if he  
was not on his return march; but he did  
not come.

I presume, said Peters, he sups to-night,  
with Mr. Morton, as he leered his eye at  
Foster. You all seem anxiously to expect  
the stranger's return.

La! Mr. Peters, how can you say so? I  
am sure I do not care whether he returns  
or not: I don't think a stranger is so much  
of a curiosity about our house, as to be  
wondered at, said Miss Penelope Wilkins.

Yes, but Miss Penny, said Mr. Peters,  
such looking gentlemen, you must acknowl-  
edge, are rare, and then too, he carries a  
servant, you see.

Well, what of that? said Mrs. Wilkins.  
Girls should take care how they admire and  
marry strangers. For my part, I have no  
notion that my daughters shall ever marry  
strangers—there are plenty of young men  
of their acquaintance good enough for them.

People, said Peters, in an under tone, are  
apt to sup at home when not invited out.

Miss Penny tossed her head and left the  
table. Foster smiled, and two or three  
others laughed outright.

Will you walk, Foster? said Peters. It  
will be a beautiful moonlight night, and one  
of your temperament, and in your situation,  
is apt to court the serene and luxurious  
smile of a summer's moon.

With all my heart, said Foster; and arm  
in arm, they left the Swan and Rushes.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE  
I saw a temple reared by the hands of  
man, standing with its high pinnacle in the  
distant plain. The streams bent upon it;  
the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts  
against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant.  
Revelry was in its halls—the gay, the happy,  
the young, and the beautiful, were there.  
I returned—and lo! the temple was  
no more. Its high walls lay in scattered  
ruins, and at the midnight hour the owl's  
cry added to the deep solitude. The young  
and the gay who revelled there, had passed  
away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the  
idol of his mother, and the pride of his fa-  
ther. I returned—and that child had be-  
come old. Trembling with the weight of  
years, he stood the last of his generation,  
a stranger amidst the desolations around him.

I saw the old oak, standing in all its pride  
upon the mountain—the birds were carol-  
ing on the boughs. I returned—and it was  
leafless and sapless; the winds were play-  
ing at their pastime through its branches.

Who is the destroyer?  
"It is time," said he. "When the morn-  
ing stars sang together with joy over the  
new wide world, he commenced his course;  
and when he shall have destroyed all that  
is beautiful of the earth—plucked the sun  
from his sphere—veiled the moon in blood—  
yea, when he shall have rolled the heav-  
ens and earth away as a scroll, then shall  
an angel from the throne of God come forth,  
and with foot on the sea, and one on the  
land, lift up his voice toward heaven, and  
swear, by Heaven's Eternal—Time is  
true, but Time shall be no longer!"  
—Paudling.

EXTRACT.—From an article in the Janu-  
ary number of the North American Re-  
viewer, on the subject of insanity, we gather  
the following interesting facts. Civilization  
and freedom are favorable to insanity.  
By opening avenues to mental activity and  
excitement, they tend to produce this de-  
plorable malady. It is nearly unknown  
among savage and barbarous nations.—  
Cases of it are seldom witnessed among the  
slaves of the south. In countries of despot-  
ic government, where there is but little  
mental excitement among the people, there  
are but few cases of insanity. This is true  
in regard to Russia, Spain and Portugal;  
also, in regard to Persia, Hindostan and  
Turkey, as ascertained by particular obser-  
vation.

Whatever strongly affects the mind, or  
the feelings and passions, disposed to insan-  
ity. The war of the revolution rendered  
insanity more frequent in the United States.  
The reformation of Luther much augmented  
the malady in Europe. The noted South  
Sea speculation in England, in which  
fortunes were made and lost, about 1720,  
had this effect, and it is a curious fact, that  
some were made crazy by the sudden ac-  
quisition of great wealth, then by the loss of it.  
A case of insanity is mentioned as hav-  
ing occurred in consequence of the excite-  
ment about two years since, concerning  
the removal of the dikes, which the victim

was not personally interested, but his mental  
derangement was brought on by reading and  
talking upon the subject; his excitement  
was such that he forsook his business, and  
sailed forth in a crusade to instruct the  
people.

It appears from testimony of a number  
of distinguished physicians, acquainted  
with the subject, and from the reports of  
Insane Hospitals, that a great majority of  
the cases of insanity can be cured if they  
receive proper medical treatment in the  
first stage of disease. One physician gives  
it as his opinion that under these circum-  
stances, it can be removed in the proportion  
of nine to one. But if it be neglected for  
three years, the probability of recovery,  
says another physician whose experience  
upon the subject is very great, is scarcely  
one to thirty. These facts should be remem-  
bered, and the approaches of insanity re-  
ceive skilful and proper treatment.

Hampshire Gazette.

FEMALE SOCIETY. You know my opin-  
ion (said John Randolph) of female soci-  
ety: Without it we should degenerate into  
brutes. This observation applies with ten-  
fold force to young men, and those who are  
in the prime of manhood. To a young man  
nothing is so important as a spirit of devo-  
tion (next to his Creator) to some amiable  
woman; whose image may occupy his  
heart, and guard it from pollution, which  
besets it on every side. A man ought to  
choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her  
wedding gown, for qualities that wear well.  
One thing at least is true, that if matrimony  
has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures.—  
A Newton may find employment in study;  
a man of literary taste can converse in  
books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must  
have a bosom friend, and children around  
him, to cherish and support the dreariness  
of old age.

CIVILIZATION. A year or two ago a trav-  
eller in the Sandwich Islands, mentioned  
as a remarkable proof of advancing civiliza-  
tion among the natives, the erection of a  
gallows. When they get Bowie knives and  
build stone penitentiaries, they will have  
advanced much farther.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN IN AMERICAN FACTO-  
RIES.—A petition of more than 1400 of the  
citizens of the manufacturing town of Pitts-  
burgh, Pennsylvania, has been presented  
to the Legislature of that State in favor  
of ameliorating the condition of children  
employed in such establishments. We really  
did not imagine that we had advanced so  
far in the lamentable refinements upon cru-  
elty in our mother country, which spring up  
from the insatiable thirst for lucre in the  
money-getting age, as to need these reforms  
in our factories already. If money, how-  
ever—money only—is to be the God we  
worship, cruelty to children and every other  
enormity, moral and physical, must grow  
out of this criminal passion. The picture  
of the future is frightful to contemplate.—  
N. Y. Star.

THE RICH ARE NOT ALWAYS HAPPY.  
When Peter the Great of Russia was de-  
sirous of taking to himself a wife, he issued  
a proclamation like Alexander of old, and  
collected a hundred of the most beautiful  
girls of his empire, from which number he  
was to select his bride. For such an office  
there was, of course, as modern times,  
a great number of candidates. Who would  
not wish to wear a diadem, and be an em-  
press!

Eudocia Eodorenna was the successful  
candidate: she was wedded to the royal  
Peter, and placed on his throne. Who so  
happy as Eudocia? She had been the joy  
and the beloved of her family, and now she  
was Empress of all the Russias. Her im-  
pulsion and avarice, her love of pomp and  
precedence, and show and extravagance  
were all gratified—and what could she wish  
for more! Why there was not a more  
wretched female in all Peter's dominions  
than that glittering beauty who wore the  
diadem. Peter's attachment was more  
transient than his wife's beauty. She com-  
plained of his infidelity and wept over her  
misery. Her complaints grated harshly in  
the ears of her husband, and her tears ef-  
faced the last lingering trace of affection in  
his bosom. He disgraced her before her  
from the throne, and confined her in a con-  
vent. She was separated from her friends  
and her children, and the persecution of her  
husband followed her to her firing place,  
and made it still more wretched. She was  
accused of an attachment to Gibbet, and of  
a conspiracy against the Emperor, was  
divorced, imprisoned and starved. But  
her heart would not break. She outlived  
the tyrant, and his successor, and when  
she ascended the throne, she was liberated  
and attended his coronation. But she was  
old then, and the world had lost its charms.  
She voluntarily retired to the solitude of a  
monastery, and soon after died.

A journeyman printer in the city of New  
York, found a check in the street for \$1  
100, drawn by Prince Ward & Co. He  
presented it to its owner, Mr. Rogers, who  
gave him one dollar for his honesty.—Pitts-  
burgh Visitor.

STUCK TO THE EXPEDIENT. A Harri-  
son man and Van Buren man recently met.  
"Harri! for Harrison," said the first. "After  
for the Devil," said the spunky Van-